

LOVE IN A BLAZE!

A *collated*
Perfect.
COMIC OPERA. *J.H. 1800.*

In three Acts.

BY JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

M. R. I. A.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL,
CROW-STREET, DUBLIN.

First Edition.

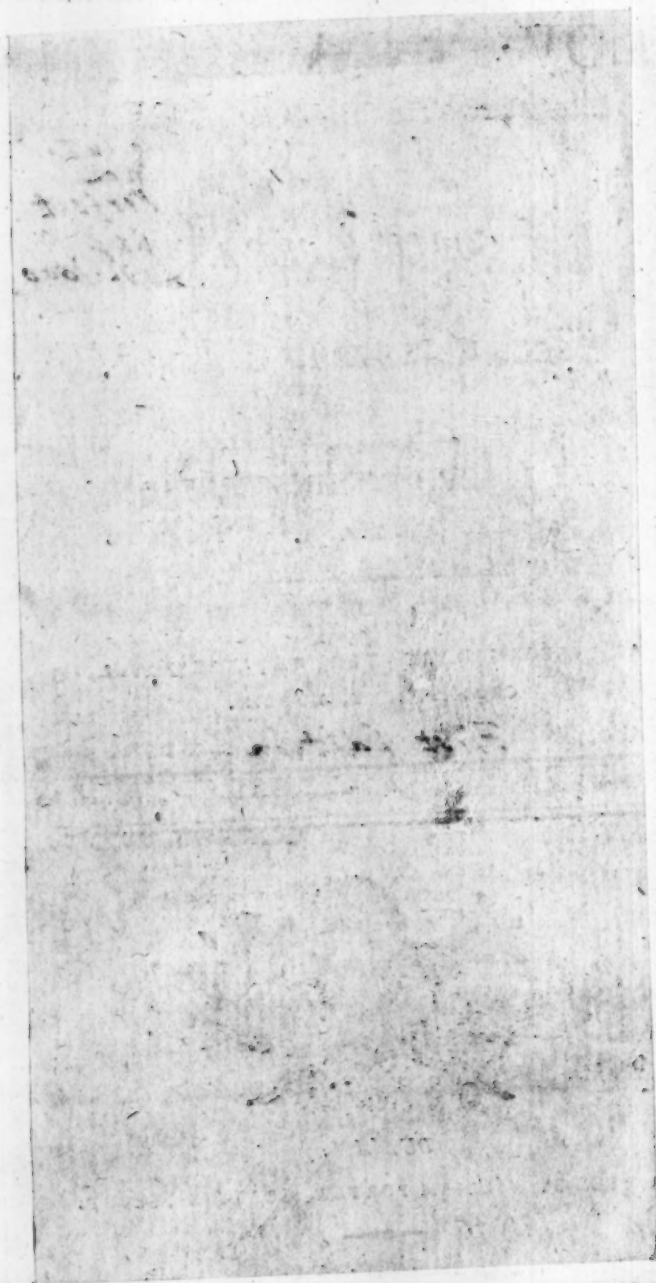
Coelum, non animus, mutant qui trans mare current. — Horace.



DUBLIN:

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1800.



ADVERTISEMENT.

IN giving this Opera to print, I will now repeat what I before publicly avowed, that I am indebted to a little French piece of *La Font's*, in one act, (without songs) entitled *Le-Naufrage*, for the idea of the principal episode, but the difference of language and characters, together with the secondary plot, the offspring of my own imagination, will fully illustrate and prove the best comment as to what I have produced from my own fancy, and transplanted from the original stock.

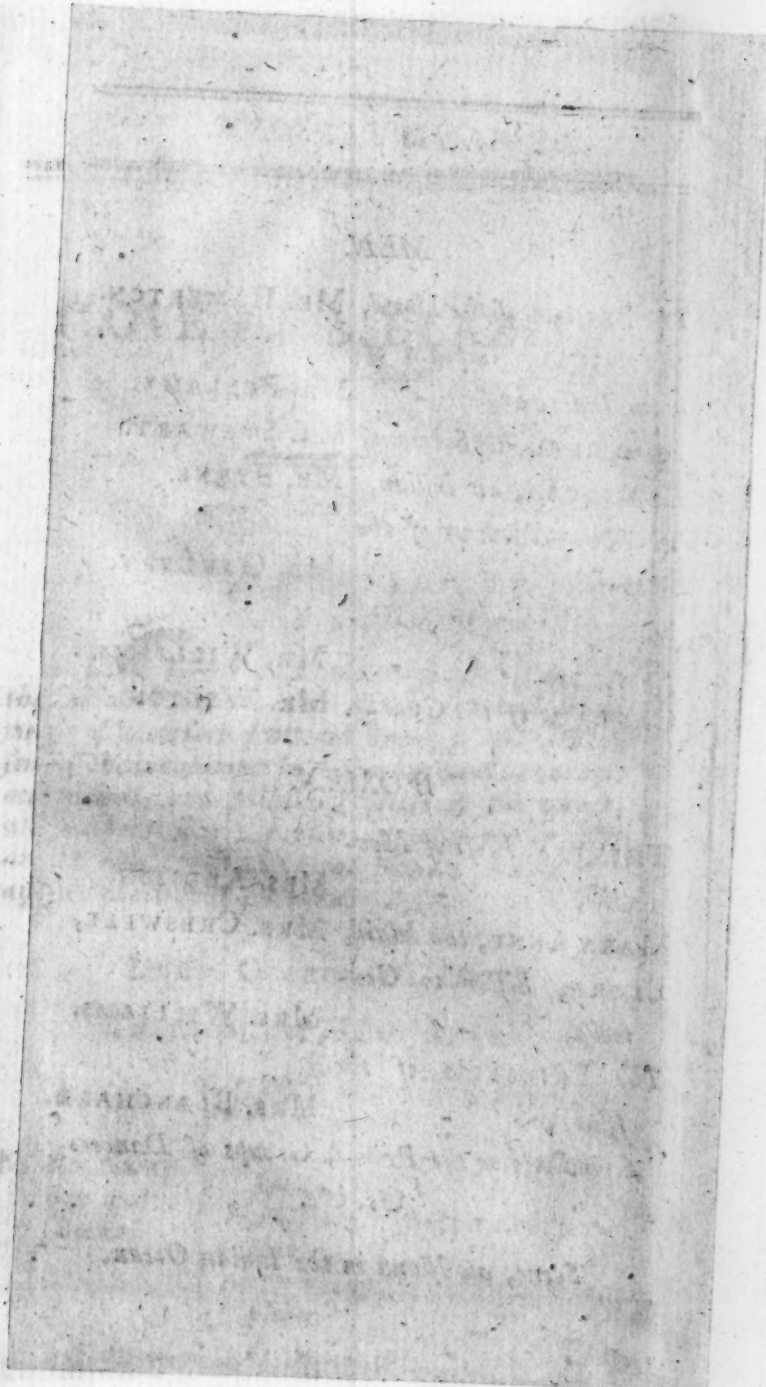
I have been told that I ought not have made *Flambeau*, as an Irishman, act with such an excess of gallantry and duplicity to his mistress, and one must make some allowance for human vanity, suddenly raised to imaginary grandeur and self-consequence; besides I consider *Merville* as the hero of my piece, and the constancy and many heroic virtues he displays, with the manly and generous sentiments of *Gangway*, whom I have also introduced as
an

an Irishman, attending his Captain, make ample compensation for the moral turpitude of *Flambeau*, who confesses himself to have been corrupted by the pernicious principles of French liberty and equality, by an accidental intercourse with some of that nation, but he becomes sensible of his error, and is completely reformed at the denouement of the Opera.

It is a tribute justly due to our patentee, Mr. Jones, who has already made our Theatre vie with the London stage, to acknowledge the taste and magnificence with which he brought this Drama forward both as to the splendor of dress, scenery and decorations: but to the harmonious powers of *Doctor Stevenson*, the composer, I have not language to do justice; the impression that his music always makes on the heart will prove his best eulogium, and on this occasion, the applause he acquired renders any panegyric of mine unnecessary—To all the performers I confess myself equally obliged during the rehearsals and representation of this Opera, and for having so well supported the several characters allotted them. If this production had made its appearance in the first instance on the British stage

stage, with all the opportunities for spectacle and pageantry which it contains, the rage for dramatic show might have brought it to this kingdom with more celebrity, and our national prejudice for every novelty from the London theatres been gratified; but this is the fourth instance in which I have boldly ventured my feeble attempts in giving a preference to our native stage for the debut of my productions, some of which have since proved acceptable to a British audience, after bearing the test of our own— And I have a pride in gratefully acknowledging the candour and indulgence which I always experienced from an Irish audience, when I have endeavoured, without any pecuniary views, to contribute to their recreation and amusement.

J. A.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

The PRINCE of the Island, MR. HAMERTON.
MERVILLE, Captain of
an Indiaman, - MR. BELLAMY.
FLAMBEAU, his Servant, MR. STEWART.
GENTOوبا, an Indian, MR. BYRNE.
The HIGH PRIEST of the
Island, - MR. GAUDERY.
JACK GANGWAY, a Sai-
lor, - MR. WILLIAMS.
CAPTAIN of the Guards, MR. WELTON.

WOMEN.

THERESA, Wife of Mer-
ville, - MRS. ADDISON,
MARY ANNE, the Maid, MRS. CRESWELL,
ELORA, Sister to Gen-
tooba, - MRS. WILLIAMS.
The PRIESTESS of the
Island, - MRS. BLANCHARD.
Attendants on the Prince, Groups of Dancers,
&c. &c.

Scene, an Island in the Indian Ocean.

LOVE IN A BLAZE!

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A wild and romantic island in the Indian Ocean; a view of the sea and fragments of a wreck scattered amongst the rocks; some of the inhabitants in the back ground at various occupations, and gathering pieces of the wreck, while others join the chorus; when the curtain draws up, THERESA and MARY ANNE are discovered walking forward.*

DUET, CHORUS, &c. &c.

THERESA, and MARY ANNE.

MARY ANNE, Song and Chorus.	{	HOW nature decks this beau-
		teous isle,
		And bids her gay productions
		smile!
		Here summer sheds a rich per-
		fume,
		And loves entwined with autumn's
		bloom.

A 3

The

THERESA and
 Chorus. { *The skies serenely mild and blue,
 The people kind, humane and true,
 Sweet isle! with genial gifts
 possesst,
 The prince belov'd, the subjects
 blest.*

MARY ANNE,
 and Chorus. { *The mango with the tamarind
 meets,
 Where limes and orange blend
 their sweets,
 Which yield repast and cooling
 bowers,
 To soothe the sultry noon-tide
 hours.*

DUET, and
 Decapo for
 Chorus. { *Whilst festive dance, and tuneful
 glee,
 Entrance a people blithe and
 free,
 Sweet clime! where Love and
 Hymen reign,
 And o'er our hearts an empire
 gain.*

THERESA.

And yet Mary Anne, how can I possibly enjoy the delights of this charming climate, suffering what I do, after the melancholy disaster that has happened to us?

MARY ANNE.

Why ma'am, though it is near a month since we were shipwreck'd on this island, sure no people could be more humanely treated by the natives.

THERESA.

THERESA.

True—but when I reflect upon my misfortunes and the loss of my dear husband, how can his wretched Theresa affront his memory by living in tranquillity?

MARY ANNE.

'Tis indeed melancholy enough, madam, it is however some comfort that one is alive and well in this world, (wicked as it is), when we were just on the brink of eternity.—Blest be the friendly people who saved us from the ocean, particularly my worthy helpmate Gentooba!

THERESA.

Yes, I acknowledge he is the most benevolent creature on earth; to him we are in a great measure indebted for our lives; and what a good creature his sister Elora is?

MARY ANNE.

But he is very well rewarded for his pains, as I have already (in compliance with the custom of the country and to prove my gratitude and affection) given him my hand and heart.—Don't despair, my dear Lady, don't be always in tears—Captain Merville's loss is not so very certain—He may have been saved on some of the neighbouring islands by the floating wreck, as the wind suddenly blew off shore when the vessel parted.

THERESA.

Ah! have I not cause to despair—when there are no tidings of him in such a painful interval of time?

MARY

MARY ANNE.

That may be, madam—but——

THERESA.

Ah! no! I fear the angry and unrelenting waves have entombed him in a watry grave, and you know how I have already been obliged to submit to the hateful custom of this island, by a feigned alliance with my servant Flambeau, to avoid a forced marriage with one of the natives.

MARY ANNE.

Indeed ma'am I don't think the custom of this place so terrible as you do.—As to me, I found husbands rather scarce in Europe, and faith the one that chance has now luckily thrown in my way proves himself a very kind and comfortable yoke-fellow.

THERESA.

What? is'nt it a cruel and oppressive law that every woman, accident or misfortune may have thrown amongst them, must either choose a husband for herself, or submit to one of their election?

MARY ANNE.

Faith, ma'am, I think it saves one a great deal of trouble in courting.—But surely ma'am, you have no reason to complain as yet, your Irish servant Flambeau (by way of finesse to deceive these Islanders), has given you his hand without exacting the privileges of a husband, and they conceive you are married to all intents and purposes.

THERESA.

THERESA.

There's my apprehension! for if they should ever happen to discover the deceit, I may then be really handed over to one of the natives.

MARY ANNE.

How can that be, madam, when you know Flambeau passes here for a man of great fortune and consequence in his own country, and the appearance he makes in his fantastic dress corresponds with it, and, as you must now live in the same habitation, they will reasonably conclude you are man and wife, as you ought to be.

THERESA.

But if the right owner was to come back and claim me, and strip Mr. Flambeau of his borrowed plumes?

MARY ANNE.

Ah! would to Heaven I could see that happy day, but how lucky ma'am for us, when our vessel struck upon the reef and was ready to be dashed in pieces, that Flambeau amidst the shrieks and tears of the passengers, possessed his presence of mind and impudence to the last, for taking up a trunk which contained Beau Myrtle's cloaths, you know he plunged into the sea, crying out, "save me," "save the Captain." The generous people who came to our assistance, buffeted the waves bringing Flambeau and his booty to the beach, where we sat the pictures of misery and despair—what followed is too horrible to relate—

THERESA.

O disastrous and painful event!—I think the crash now invades my ears, and thrills through my very bosom.

MARY

MARY ANNE.

And yet Ma'am there have been many instances of people in a worse situation, who have miraculously escaped the danger and met afterwards.

THERESA.

O! Merville, should it be thy fate to live! come and console my sufferings—tho' I fear thou art gone for ever—and yet thy life is so necessary to my happiness, that a gleam of hope sometimes flatters me with an idea of thy existence and return.

S O N G.

THERESA.

*Like the restless ocean flowing,
Mov'd impulsive to and fro!
Thus my panting heart keeps going,
Calm'd by joy, and storm'd by woe.
Now I dream that Merville's living,
These impatient arms to bless,
Then reject such hopes deceiving,
And renew my soul's distress.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Borders of an Indian Town.

Enter FLAMBEAU, (fantastically dressed) and GENTOOBA.

GENTOOBA.

What country do you say you came from?

FLAMBEAU.

FLAMBEAU.

Old Ireland, my honey!—one of the largest, sweetest islands in the world. Ogh! this is a mushroom to it, it's bigger than itself and your's put together.

GENTOORA.

And you say you're a man of great family and consequence in that country?

FLAMBEAU.

O to be sure I ay'nt—and so was my father before me, for I can tell you he was always considered as one of the *distraction* of Irish Kings, my jewel! by his mother's side.

GENTOORA.

You have large possessions then to support your rank and consequence?

FLAMBEAU.

O may be I hav'nt, but *that's* neither *here* nor *there*, my honey—what signifies my little estate in Connamara, (that's one of our smallest provinces), and may be I havn't a park and fifteen hundred-a year, to be sure, there's a small bit of a bog upon it—but it would do your heart good to ride over it.

GENTOORA.

Well, I suppose you appear in great state and live well.

FLAMBEAU.

O may be I don't—I never go out but I have a coach, a chariot, or a chair to attend my motions,
(indeed

(indeed I mostly go behind the *first*, and always walk *before* the latter).—(*Aside*).—As to horses, I'll be bail, I take good care of them. And as to living, it would delight you to see me with a large company and good cheer—I am so busy on such occasions taking care of them.

GENTOGBA.

Well, and how do you pass your time?

FLAMBEAU.

As most idle gentlemen of my condition do—I get up about twelve, (for our masters never rise till one).—(*Aside*).—I take some refreshment, saunter about, or drive in my curricule to take an airing in the streets; dine about eight, (for our masters never dine before six).—(*Aside*).—then go to the play, and make a noise with the loudest in the upper gal—in the boxes, I mean. *Bravo! Encore!* play Moll in the Wad, or Paddy Whack, no; let's have Rule Britannia, and God Save the King for ever.

GENTOGBA.

What great authority you must have in your own country?

FLAMBEAU.

How can you doubt it?—for I and my cronies (by way of distinction) are called the Gods of the playhouse, and the actors acknowledge our *high* taste, and mostly knock under for *the sake of harmony*! After the play, we go to some route or ball to attend the ladies and see them safe home.

GENTOGBA.

GENTOOBA.

What happy men you must be, but how do you fine people dress yourselves on such merry occasions?

FLAMBEAU.

Men of taste and *great* consequence, just as you see me—now don't you think I'm a neat cut for a *beau*, and quite the thing for the *ladies*? (*looking at himself*).

GENTOOBA.

O quite an elegant fellow—and how do the women dress themselves?

FLAMBEAU.

Bad manners to me, but you might as well catch hold of a rainbow as *their* fashions, for as soon as you admire one of their whims, presto begone! the dear creatures instantly change their shapes and colours, and tickle themselves out in some new and fanciful appearance—and would you believe it, they've now taken it into their heads to wear *frizzled wigs* instead of the darling locks that nature gave them.

GENTOOBA.

But I am talking of ladies of breeding.

FLAMBEAU.

Ladies of breeding!—Bad luck to me but you'd think from their present appearance, with their waists up to their chins, that the whole nation, young and old, were women a-breeding.—But to tell you the *naked* truth, dress, (which they borrow from foreign parts), is the only false thing

thing to be found about my pretty country women—

GENTOOBA.

But are they very civil to our sex?

FLAMBEAU.

O the women of fashion and beauty very kindly slip a card into your hand, saying, Lady, or Mrs. Such-a-one to be at home, on such an evening—

GENTOOBA.

What! the women make their own assignations with the men—

FLAMBEAU.

Yes, but mind, you don't meet her alone, O fye for shame! not at all my jewel, for she asks two or three hundred people to see you together, and crowd her route or ball, as they call it.

GENTOOBA.

But sure that spoils sport?

FLAMBEAU.

Not at all, she thinks, the more, the merrier.—Then you are so delightfully pressed and hustled by the charming crowd, hear all the witty improving conversation:—"Oh dear Miss Fidget, 'an't you squeezed to death, I thought I never should come at you."—"Lady Manlove, shall you and I play a game of humbug in the corner?"—"Mrs. Shuffle, will you take a band of half guinea cassino?"—"No, I'll first take a dance, and after that, I'm for a cool rubber of guinea rubish."—Then about midnight, we go to sup-

per, where there isn't room for half the company, and many of whom, the lady of the house never saw before, or perhaps heard of.

S O N G.

FLAMBEAU.

*When supper's serv'd, what glorious fun
Enjoy'd and lov'd most dearly!
To see the men and women run
O'er one another nearly.*

"For shame, gentlemen, how can you see so
"many ladies standing round you and over your
"heads, and you sitting down without giving
"them share of the *tit-bits*. Now you see gobbled
"up at one meal, as much as would feed a whole
"parish for a week.—Then what a noble battle
"between *plates, knives, forks, glasses, and de-*
"*canters*, nor is it in the power of eating and
"drinking, to stop the mouths of the company
"from joining in the loud rattle and confusion of
"tongue.

*Happy fights, jovial nights,
What delights!
In festive riot,
And luscious diet,
We gormandize most cheerly.*

*Then hear the sprightly catch and glee,
O, how I love good singing!
Like peals of bells they all agree,
In tuneful concert ringing.*

Then the servants are as noisy and pleasant, playing high life *below* stairs, like their *bettors above*; making fine work with the larder and cellar, for the credit of their masters, and to do the *honors* of the kitchen.—“Mr. Scrub, will you *hobble my nob* in a *glafs of campaign*?” Yes.”—Miss Kitty, here’s my *duty* to your *beauty*, and a kiss into the bargain—O dear Mr. Scrub, how can you be so *obstrepulous*—Thus the *bill of fare* gets the consent of the upper and lower chambers, but for want of the supplies often remains as a debt unpaid, for the good of the nation.

*Happy fights, jovial nights,
What delights!
In festive riot,
And luscious diet,
We gormandize most cheerly.*

GENTOOBA.

But do you pay any thing for all these fine entertainments?

FLAMBEAU.

O yes, a *slice of our constitution* for keeping late hours, and you generally besides pay in losing your money *genteelly* at cards, to please the ladies, and then you are looked upon and called upon the most charming, good humour’d and genteelest creature in the world.

GENTOOBA.

At what time do those parties break up?

FLAMBEAU.

When the cock begins to crow, my honey, then it would charm you to hear what a clatter

they make—"Here John, my lady's carriage"—Arrah Paddy, get out of the way with yourself—"Blood-an-age, how can I help it, ay'nt I waiting for my *fara*."—Then I hand the lady to her carriage—expeditiously get up behind—No, *inside* of it; then about day-break, she gets home with her heart as heavy as lead, and her pocket as light as a feather.

GENTOOBA.

What a pleasant life you must lead.—But tell me, were you ever married before you came to this island?

FLAMBEAU.

Is it women you mean? O, to be sure I hav'nt had my share of them—in every country—of all sizes and complexions, from the blossom to the blackberry—and what's very strange, and yet very true, they are neither wives nor widows, but all maids, upon my conscience—(Waiting maids I mean, for fear of a mistake).—(*Aside*). Now, in a country called Turkey, do you know that a man may have as many wives as he pleases?

GENTOOBA.

You'd think that a pleasant place to live in.

FLAMBEAU.

Faith, to be sure I wou'd, for in that case, an Irishman would be a most excellent Turk.

GENTOOBA.

Some other time, I should like to hear a further account of yourself and country, but I must now attend the Prince. [*Exit GENTOOBA.*]

B 3

FLAMBEAU.

FLAMBEAU.

O to be sure, I don't know what I'm about
I'm the lad that can make myself at home, either
here, or abroad.

S O N G.

FLAMBEAU.

*For the world, I am quite the dandy,
None so active, smart, and handy,
For behind the coach or table,
Shew me any skip more able,
Hand a plate, the glass, or basket,
Tip the thing, before they ask it,
With my nosegay, bag, and cane, Sir,
O what conquests I obtain, Sir,
Then where's my fellow, none I see, Sir,
With my diderum, fiderum, tiderum, dee, Sir.*

II.

*When the ladies see me walking,
With the maid, or mistress talking,
The foreign twang that's on my tongue, Sir,
Makes them guess from whence I sprung, Sir,
How they eye the works of nature,
"O the dear, delightful creature,"
"How he tickles all beholders,"
"Heav'ns, what a leg, and a pair of shoul-
ders!"*
*Then where's my fellow, none I see, Sir,
With my fiderum, diderum, tiderum, dee, Sir.*

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE III.

An Indian Cottage.

Enter FLAMBEAU, THERESA, and MARY ANNE.

FLAMBEAU.

Ah! Mary Anne, my honey, how are you? (*seeing Theresa*), I hope your ladyship is pretty well to-day, (*formally*), I came without being called, and he is a bad dog, that's not worth whistling for.

MARY ANNE.

What's the matter with you, Flambeau, you look very grum, and quite out of spirits.

FLAMBEAU.

I'm neither one thing or the other, neither good, bad, or indifferent—and I don't know what to say—but the thing must speak for itself.

THERESA.

What's the matter with you, Mr. Flambeau?

FLAMBEAU.

Why, my dear mistress—wife I mean; some gossiping busy body has been telling the Prince of this island, that our marriage is all a *bam*: Faith, I believe, he looks upon me as if I was a gander cackling for my goose.

MARY ANNE.

A pretty compliment truly to your mistress.

FLAMBEAU.

FLAMBEAU.

But you'll own it's very natural, tho'——and his Highness thus spoke to me: "What is this I hear, Mr. Flambeau, do you dare to sport with the laws and customs of this Island? Go, and tell your wife, that it is my orders, that the marriage be solemnized in due form, and this very night.—I say, Mary Anne, you shall throw the stocking, and as for the sack posset——"

MARY ANNE.

I, a bridesmaid, you blockhead, you know that's impossible.

S O N G.

MARY ANNE.

*Cease, O Flambeau, cease thy wooing,
Nor betray my mistress dear,
You, her peace of mind will ruin,
And will make thy guilt appear.*

*All the world will blame thy folly,
Thus to prove thyself a knave,
Then ah sooth her melancholy!
And her truth and honor save.*

THERESA.

It is in vain, Mary Anne, to make an appeal to sentiments of honor, in a heart destitute of any generous feeling.

FLAMBEAU.

Sure ma'am, you can't be angry with me, for wishing to do, as I would be done by, it is so much

much like a Christian—and as to fellow-feeling, you're the first woman that ever said I wanted it.

THERESA.

What insolent and *vulgar* nonsense!

FLAMBEAU.

Let us then be *polite*, and cordially obey the orders of the Prince.

MARY ANNE.

Sure, Flambeau, you have more *honor* than to behave so *unhandsomely*.

FLAMBEAU.

Yes, the honor of being this lady's husband, and you know, handsome is, that handsome does.

THERESA.

By the love and attachment due to your master, I beseech you.

FLAMBEAU.

And sure, there's no surer way of proving it, than comforting his widow after his death, for when there's no hopes of him, ayn't I better than one of these savage *scalpeens*.

THERESA.

But you know, between ourselves——

FLAMBEAU.

I know of nothing as yet, between *ourselves*.

THERESA.

You know that a marriage like this——

FLAMBEAU.

FLAMBEAU.

Is a very pretty kind of a marriage for me, the High Priest has bound us together, and it is our duty to increase and multiply, for the good of the nation.

THERESA.

You know, you impostor, that all this was but a trick for my protection.

FLAMBEAU.

Yes! but I know a trick worth two of that—and may a livery and a kicking be again my portion, if you don't find me behave like a gentleman in every particular, for as somebody says in the play, "*sure a live dog is better than a dead lion*," and curse me if I would make the comparison, if I thought my master was alive, or that you could escape falling into worse hands.

THERESA.

How dare you, in my presence, behave so disrespectfully, have you no regard for your mistress, firrah?

FLAMBEAU.

O yes, I have, but you seem to have none for your Lord and Master!

THERESA.

Vanish from my sight——

FLAMBEAU.

Well, madam, I'll wait upon the Prince, and acquaint him it isn't my fault that his Island isn't better peopled——

[Exit FLAMBEAU.]

THERESA.

THERESA.

Was there ever such an ungrateful, horrid wretch? what a fool was I, to trust my happiness and reputation in such dishonorable hands, I wish *Elora* had him, with all my heart, who, I believe, likes him in spite of herself.

MARY ANNE.

It is the case of all mankind, ma'am, there are few of them we can trust, and I am sorry to say, the older we grow, the more wicked and unfeeling both sexes become in matters of love.

THERESA.

Yes, I agree with you, that in our youth, the impressions of love are more pure and disinterested and have greater influence on our hearts, yet, no age or station can escape this nobler passion, tho' perverted by the tricks and avarice of the world!

DUET.

THERESA, and MARY ANNE.

*When Cupid first our bosom fires,
And wins our youthful heart,
No venal passion he inspires,
For nature spurns at art;
But when mature, the world's deceit
Our sordid visions plan,
We find that love becomes a cheat,
Betray'd by faithless man.*

SCENE

SCENE.

The Borders of an Indian Town, with an open Grove in the Back Ground—Diversified Scenery—A View of Mountains, &c. &c.

As THERESA, and MARY ANNE, are advancing, enter GENTOOBA, and ELORA, to them.

GENTOOBA.

Stop, fair Ladies, if you please—The nuptial procession of one of our Chiefs is just approaching, perhaps you may think it worth your notice, my sister Elora and I are going to meet them.

ELORA.

Yes, my pretty Ladies, it is a most beautiful and entertaining sight, and as you have never seen so grand a ceremony before, I dare say, you will be vastly pleased with it.

THERESA.

As to my part, I am not in spirits to partake of any kind of public amusement—besides Mary Anne, it may be necessary to consult Gentooba, on what has lately happened.

MARY ANNE.

Yes, my dear Gentooba, we have something to communicate, respecting the misbehaviour of Flambeau.

ELORA.

The misbehaviour of Flambeau, what can they mean?—*(Aside.)*

GENTOOBA.

GENTOوبا.

Well—

[Symphony sounds at a seeming distance.]

But hark! the musick approaches, and by this time the dancers are merrily tripping before the bride and bridegroom.—The procession will pass this way into the Pagoda.—O here they come.

A PROCESSION OF

Indian men and women, with dancers attending the bride and bridegroom, who are placed in a Palanquin, or Triumphal Car, the groupe appears thro' the opening of the grove, as if descending from the hills, and pass in the back ground, singing and dancing.

Chorus. { Come, unite in Hymen's bands
With hands and hearts,
See, gay Venus now commands
What love imparts,
Rapture waits the wedded pair,
Mutual joys they're blest to share:

[Da Capo.

Gentoوبا. { Hark! hark! to the music there,
Theresa. {
Mary Anne. { Listen! Listen! Listen!
Elora. {

Chorus. Come, unite in Hymen's bands, &c.

C

Quartetto,

Quartetto.

{ Hear the chearful strains resound,
How sweet and gay,
Mirth with fancy beat the ground
In roundelay.

The Procession moves thro' the grove, and as they retire, the music is by degrees lost upon the ear.

GENTOOBA.

Surely, such a sight as this, and such charming melody, ought to revive your spirits, and banish all worldly cares from your mind.

THERESA.

I confess the scene is delightful, and when I consider the occasion, and that it contributes to the happiness of so many people, I must naturally participate in it.

ELORA.

Then I hope you will join in the crowd, and partake of the festival.

MARY ANNE.

Do, my dear lady, we can meet Gentooba afterwards.

GENTOOBA.

Yes, I'll attend you after, for I assure you it will be considered very disrespectful not to pay your compliments to the happy couple: O here they come again, we'll mingle in the throng, and join the gratulating sounds—

[The

[*The Procession comes to the front of the Stage.*]

Quintetto and Chorus.

*From bright Sol's meridian blaze,
We to groves and grottos run,
Where the Loves with beauty raise
Flames that kindle like the Sun,
Always dancing, fondly gay,
While our merry lutes we play.
All concludes with an Indian Dance.*

ACT II.

Scene, the Palace,

A Throne Regalia, &c.

*The Prince, Guards, and Attendants, discovered
with Flambeau.*

FLAMBEAU.

May it please your Highness, what I've been
telling you is all true; I am a gentleman, and
scorn to deceive you.

PRINCE.

Is it possible that the laws of our Island can be
treated with such contempt? Believe me I will do
you justice.

FLAMBEAU.

I know, Royal Sir, that you would befriend
my natural rights and inclinations.

C 2

PRINCE.

PRINCE.

You are her lawful husband, and every way her equal.

FLAMBEAU.

O yes, Sir, she can't deny that, *face to face*.

PRINCE.

She can have no objection to your person, I think—

FLAMBEAU, (*admiring himself*.)

Please to look at me, Sir, from head to foot.

PRINCE.

You are by no means disagreeable, on the contrary—

FLAMBEAU.

O renowned Sir, you make me ashamed of myself—All the world knows my countrymen are by nature mighty bashful.

PRINCE.

Pray tell me, are all the women in your country equally averse to the rites of matrimony?

FLAMBEAU.

By my own soul! that they ay'nt, Sir, few of our widows remain long single without a *second* husband, and if parents do not in time dispose of their daughters, they'll save them the trouble, by disposing of themselves.

PRINCE.

PRINCE.

But, you have many loving wives, and fond husbands, amongst your fashionable people—

FLAMBEAU.

O yes, Sir—Just enough to shew the scarcity of them.—(*Aside.*)

PRINCE.

And, is not the husband always master in his own house, as he ought to be?

FLAMBEAU.

O to be sure, Sir—but the lady is generally mistress of it, to keep peace and quietness at home.

PRINCE.

Your wife wants to be so here—but call her to our presence immediately.

[*Exeunt PRINCE and ATTENDANTS.*]

FLAMBEAU, (*solus.*)

Arrah, what a bother there is with this woman of mine; by my own soul, one would suppose that she never was married before, she makes such a *catterwailing* about it, and because I am a good-natured creature, and have been humouring her whim, she must now get into her *tantrums*, and won't do as she would be done by; but no matter, I'll be bail *that* shan't make me melancholy.

C. 3.

SONG.

S O N G.

FLAMBEAU.

I.

*In short, I'm the lad that never was sad,
 But love both a frolic and bustle,
 In trotting through bogs, in sunshine or fogs,
 With care and misfortune I tussle.
 And here since I'm come, the good natives I hum,
 They think me so grand and so frisky,
 But och hone! pillalue, I must now bid adieu
 To dear apple praties and whiskey.
 My sweet apple praties, &c.*

II.

*I am now grown so nice, I'll soon get a slice
 Off the loaf that was cut by my master,
 But that can't be miss'd, tho' fate should insist
 That he should outlive our disaster.
 Then I'll go claim my right, to the wedding's de-
 light,
 Since I to my lady am buckled,
 Thus I'll have a good chance, up to Heaven to
 prance,
 If my master should make me a cuckold.* [Exit.

S C E N E.

An Indian Cottage.

Enter ELORA pursued by FLAMBEAU.

FLAMBEAU.

*Come here, my pretty orange lilly, don't run
 away from me, as if I was a rattlesnake or a
 wildbeast.*

wildboar; believe me, I am as tame as a sucking pig, and as playful as your pet monkey—

ELORA.

That may be, but as you're a married man, Mr. Flambeau, a young girl like me ought not to be seen alone with you: you whitemen are great rogues I am told (*archly*).

FLAMBEAU.

To be sure, matrimony has coupled me with a hen that wants to cockcrow over me; but I am fonder of a young thing in the shape of an Indian peasant—do you know any such that I can *roost* with, and make a *pet* of, my little guinea fowl?

ELORA.

We young chickens ought to be afraid of human hawks like you—so, Mr. Vulture, look for other sport, for you shan't make *game* of me, and bring me in disgrace with your wife.

FLAMBEAU.

'Tis true, I have a rib I took for better for worse, but as she won't let me take her for more, will you have pity upon a poor fellow that doats on you, and let me become your "*Cheer ah! me,*" as we say in French?—

ELORA.

Fye, Mr. Flambeau, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, with such a charming good woman as you have, to talk at this foolish rate; but I hear your countrymen are great flirts and never constant to any woman.

FLAMBEAU.

O, that's a way we have, my pretty sunflower; my heart is like a nut with two kernels, and one of them is heartily at your service; so like a musfulman, as I intend to be, I'll take you into my seraglio; so you may pick up that handkerchief—*(first throws down an old one, perceives it, picks it up, and throws down a white one.)*

ELORA.

No—whenever I change my condition, I'll not have a divided heart—all or none for me.

FLAMBEAU.

O you selfish creature, have you never heard of half a loaf and a blessing—or as the black fellow says in the play—“a corner in the thing you love.”—*(Attempts to caress her.)*

ELORA.

Have done, Mr. Flambeau, I'll tell my brother of you; what do you take me for?

FLAMBEAU.

I take you for a kind-hearted girl, that would not let a man die for love of you, without giving him a little bit of your compassion.

D U E T.

FLAM. Dear pretty Lora, you're my pet and darling.

ELORA. Fie, Mr. Flambeau, you're too bold and rude.

FLAM. You're my topaz bright, my golden guinea starling.

ELORA. Now really, Sir, you shall not thus intrude.

FLAM.

FLAM. *Charming, Lora, come and play.*

ELORA. *Sir, take your impudence away.*

FLAM. *If my wife was cold as clay?*

ELORA. *What would you have me say?*

FLAMBEAU.

*I'd have you say you, lovely little creature, that I
can't look at without loving,
That I'm a charming fellow, and you'll return
my passion.*

ELORA.

*What? me deceive your wife, and thus my
friend betray?*

FLAMBEAU.

*O that's the tippy now, and quite the kick in
fashion.*

ELORA.

No go you naughty man, I'll not be led astray.

FLAM. *One little kiss, Miss.*

ELORA. *Ab! your wicked creature.*

FLAM. *'Twill be such mutual bliss, Miss,*

ELORA. *No, you fool, take this.*

BOTH. *Take this, take this, take this.*

ELORA, *tapping him with her hand, and FLAM-
BEAU attempting to repeat the kiss.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter THERESA, meeting MARY ANNE.

THERESA.

Well, have you seen Gentooba?

MARY ANNE.

MARY ANNE.

No—but its too plain that Flambeau himself has or will betray the secret, and he is such an impudent vain coxcomb, that I wonder he has been so long quiet—Do you know Ma'am, he is such a gallant gentleman, that since we have lived together as fellow-servants, he has frequently troubled me with his impertinent flirtation.

THERESA.

O that it's a proof of his good taste—But wou'd you have married him if he had proposed it?—

MARY ANNE.

No, Madam, nor his betters, if I did not like them from my heart, be their fortune what they may.

THERESA.

Your's is a very good system for this place, or love in a cottage at home:—But tell me, Mary Anne, what am I to do in my present dilemma?

MARY ANNE.

O for a Proctor and Doctor Commons, to swinge the treacherous dog—But I see my *cara-sposa*, Gentooba, coming to his appointment; he can advise us for the best.

THERESA.

Then we must entirely reveal my situation to him.

MARY ANNE.

O Madam, he knows most of it already.

THERESA.

THERESA.

How, Mary Anne! surely you hav'nt been so indiscreet as to betray all my secrets to a stranger.

MARY ANNE.

Faith; Madam, I could not help it, he soon became master of every secret I had, and here he comes to confirm it; let me consult him—

Enter GENTOOBA.

MARY ANNE.

My dear Gentooba! we are in very great need of your friendly assistance; Flambeau has become so very insolent, that he has positively declared to us, that the Prince knows, or he will acquaint him, how matters are circumstanced between my mistress and him.

GENTOOBA.

Can he behave with so much baseness and ingratitude?—

MARY ANNE.

Yes, this false husband has the presumption to say, that as Captain Merville is no more, he has a right to all the privileges of his master.

GENTOOBA.

O the treacherous knave!

MARY ANNE.

And I can assure you, he seems resolved to carry it into execution.

GENTOOBA.

GENTOOBA.

We must devise some scheme to counteract him.

MARY ANNE.

As my mistress and I are ignorant of all your laws and customs, we beseech you to assist us on this distressing occasion.

S O N G.

MARY ANNE.

*By our vows of mutual love,
By your heart so good and kind,
Both your faith and friendship prove,
To console my lady's mind.
For she was ever fond of me,
O let her then your council share,
And thus shall faithless Flambeau see,
The brave and good protect the fair.*

GENTOOBA, (musing.)

I have a stratagem, that may succeed and frighten him to death.

THERESA.

O pray let's hear it.

GENTOOBA.

I hope to make him repent having attempted any means to displease you—But will you both assist me?

MARY ANNE.

Never fear that, for if it is a plot, there's no doing without a woman.

THERESA.

If you can save my honour by any contrivance,
I shall reward you with my gratitude, if not I
shall actually destroy myself.

GENTOOBA.

Softly if you please, we are not come to that
extremity yet, follow my advice and I will be
answerable for the consequence, and that our
amiable prince, when he finds that Flambeau
is unworthy of you, will prove your friend and
protector, but retire from hence, come to our
habitation immediately, and summon courage to
follow what I shall there disclose.

S O N G.

GENTOOBA.

*This image on your mind impress,
Array'd you'll be in shrouded dress.
As if from life your spirit fled,
Like patience on her shrine look dead.
Then on the fun'ral pile be plac'd,
With blooming wreaths and garlands grac'd,
Your mate then comes his loss to mourn,
And with his Love deceased to burn.*

[Exit.

THERESA.

What can he mean? follow him, Mary Anne.
Alas! I fear there is no resource for me; what
power on earth, or what fortunate stratagem can
give peace to my sufferings?

D

SONG.

S O N G.

THERESA.

*Farewel, ye dear congenial powers,
 Ye soothing joys ! ye dancing hours ;
 Ye loves with bliss domestic crown'd,
 While tun'd by musick's warbling sound.
 But now my tears, the sighs I breathe,
 As round my brows green willows wreath,
 Have bade you fly a heart unblest,
 To cheer the haunts of peace and rest.*

[Exit.

SCENE, the Harbour.

*The same as at the beginning of the piece, Merville,
 Gangway, and others of the crew, discovered
 approaching the shore in a Canoe, guided by In-
 dians : during the symphony, they glide towards
 the beach, and the following glee is sung before
 they land.*

G L E E.

*See ! See ! our bark scuds o'er the main,
 Glides smooth and skims across the liquid plain,
 And while we sing and speed along,
 Our oars thus mov'd keep measure to our
 song.*

*O spirit of the winds, and roaring seas,
 Breathe gentle gales, 'midst skies serene as these,
 Calm, O calm, the ocean's heaving breast,
 Whose billows panting, sigh for rest,*

MERVILLE, GANGWAY, and the SAILORS land.

MERVILLE.

MERVILLE.

Well, honest Gangway, and my brave worthy friends, after all our toils and dangers we are at length returned to the Island where the *Bangalore* was lost.

JACK.

Aye! God save you, my worthy Captain, the sight of her remains there wrecked upon the beach makes me sob like a *cat-fish*, she was a noble vessel, and many a tough gale I weathered in her, man and boy. But ah! my poor messmates—*swab my scuppers*, I can't think of them without wetting my canvas.—(*Rubs his eyes with his neck-cloth*).

MERVILLE.

Peace be with them, Jack, they deserved a better fate, let us, however, hope that my Theresa and some more of our shipmates have escaped on this Island from the disaster.

JACK.

Aye! your honor, providence is all kind and bountiful, and often snatches us from the shallows of despair to the top-gallant masts of joy.

MERVILLE.

That we ourselves experienced, my honest friends, and believe me, I'll ever gratefully remember that I am indebted to you for my life, for had it not been for your manly exertions in lashing me to a piece of the wreck, I never could have struggled thro' the hurricane that drifted us to the neighbouring island, which gave us safety and protection.

D 2

JACK.

JACK.

Bless your eyes, Sir, we did no more than our duty to a fellow-creature in distress, and the worthy Captain, whom we love, and every *bonest tar* would do the same for such worthy commanders as you. But my mind misgives me, if you'll not soon be safe in port with the woman of your heart to reward all your mishaps and foul weather.

MERVILLE.

And I wish Jack we were all safe again in Old England happily together.

JACK.

O clew my topsails! if that was the case, I'd soon throw out my *sheet anchor*, and be moored along side of my Nan of Gosport in a good birth.

MERVILLE.

But, come let us advance into the Island, and pay our duty to the Chief; if any of our friends have been saved here, it must have come to his knowledge.

JACK.

But noble Captain, tho' I ha'ant a can of grog, to keep us in good cheer, and drink success to Old England, aye, and Old Ireland too, where your honor and I were born, for I hope they'll always go hand in hand like brother messmates. May their commerce flourish, their soldiers be victorious, and their sailors—O damme they've always been so, and will, I hope, prove invincible round the world to the end of time. Then before we bear a hand, I'll sing your old favourite song; and come my hearties, pipe all hands in chorus.

SONG.

S O N G.

JACK, (and Chorus by the rest.)

I.

A sailor's the best fellow going,
 His nature's contented and gay,
 For whether it's calm, or it's blowing,
 His spirits are still under weigh.
 Like turtles at sea, we keep floating,
 Or seek for new pastime ashore,
 Our cash like their eggs with love doating,
 We leave with the girls we adore.

Chorus: { Then here's to the life of a sailor,
 Who hates every growler and railer,
 And thinks a land lubber a bore.

II.

Our foes they may brag of Armado's,
 To tip us their friendly embrace,
 Their threats are all fudge and bravadoes,
 Their hugg wou'd our nation disgrace.
 Our Navy's the Lord of the Ocean,
 Which bangs the Dutch, French, and the
 Don,
 Then long may we harbour this notion,
 And add to the laurels we've won.

Chorus: { Then here's to the life of a sailor,
 Who hates every growler and railer,
 But loves his greg, messmates, and fun.

*For conquest and glory we're ready,
 In warfare to venture our lives,
 Whilst ashore you're so loyal and steady,
 You'll guard both our sweethearts and wives.
 'Tis all for the good of the nation,
 Our monarch, our freedom, and laws;
 Then keep my brave lads to your station,
 And die in so noble a cause.*

*Chorus: { Then here's to the life of a sailor,
 Who hates every grumbler and railer,
 But fights for his country's applause.
 [Exeunt.*

SCENE

An Indian Cottage.

Enter MARY ANNE and ELORA.

ELORA.

I know the cause of your affliction, Mary Anne, my brother has just told me in his way to the Prince, of the sudden death of your beloved mistress, and what is equally sad, your handsome countryman, Mr. Flambeau, her husband, is doomed to suffer for her fate.

MARY ANNE.

Yes, Elora, Gentooba tells me, it is the law and custom of this Island.

ELORA.

But, has he also informed you that it is the usage, should he prove unwilling to undergo the flaming sacrifice, that if any virgin presents herself

self at the ceremony, and offers to take the victim for a husband, that he may be saved ?

MARY ANNE.

No—he never mentioned that circumstance, not supposing there was any woman here willing to have him.

ELORA.

Know then from the first moment I beheld that charming, lively fellow, I became enamoured of him, and nothing but his alliance with your fair lady, could have prevented me from acknowledging that I have a sort of a partiality for him.

MARY ANNE.

Indeed !—But there's no accounting for people's taste.

ELORA.

Yes, and now that he is at liberty, (tho' I am really sorry for the melancholy cause) I intend both from love and compassion to offer myself at the funeral pile, should he prefer me to his fate as a widower.

MARY ANNE.

I dare say, in this instance, you will find him a true European, ready to embrace your kind offer, and more willing to live for a second wife, than perish for the sake of one that is no more.

ELORA.

But, do you really think that he will take me ?

MARY

MARY ANNE.

I havn't the least doubt of it, my dear sister, and you have one chance in your favour. In my country, if we marry twice, the second choice generally proves as little like the first as possible; and you'll allow, (except in the goodness of your heart) no two women ever differed more than his former wife and you.

ELORA.

Well, Mary Anne, as I have now placed myself entirely in your confidence, I request you will not betray the secret till the proper moment comes for me to reveal myself, that his sudden joy and gratitude may operate on his affections towards me.

MARY ANNE.

But your brother may be displeased at this connection, and think it an imprudent match.

ELORA.

He can't think it wrong to save a fellow-creature, (particularly one we love), from falling a victim to a superstitious practice, besides my brother has no voice against my following the laws of nature to make myself happy, when I can't resist the power of love.

SONG.

ELORA.

I.

*When Cupid bends his bow,
His feather'd shafts to throw,
With his twank'um, twink'um, twee.
His*

*His love-tipt darts,
Transfix our hearts,
For he tho' blind can see,
With his twink'um, twink'um, twee.*

II.

*Tho' wisdom spreads her shield,
Love makes cold prudence yield,
With his twink'um, twink'um, twee.
His powers engage
Both youth and age,
All ranks and climes agree,
With his twink'um, twink'um, twee.
[Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Plantain Grove.

Enter THERESA.

THERESA.

What a dilemma am I reduced to by the duplicity of man!—I must either rest content with the unfortunate connection I have formed with that perfidious wretch, Flambeau, or expose myself to the most awful ceremony that ever put human fortitude to trial; and tho' I am satisfied the ceremony is a mere fiction, yet the awful preparations and the solemnity of the scene, will, I fear, harrow up my soul, for like Juliet on the bier, I may, perhaps, repose only to become the sacrifice of disappointment and misfortune.

SONG.

S O N G.

THERESA.

O peace! gentle goddess, thou dear welcome guest,
 Preside o'er my bosom, and sooth it to rest,

Ah! let me persuade thee,

No care to invade me,

But banish each tumult from this troubled fond
 breast.

Let thy presence restore the repose of my mind,
 With love's mutual passion, a comfort to find,

Recall each flattering hope again to view,

And all the blessings of my life renew,

No every prospect closing,

And fate my bliss opposing.

Come, wild despair, with phrenzy's train,

Come death and end my raging pain,

For thou must kindly prove,

The friend of hopeless love.

[Exit.]

SCENE

A Public Street.

Enter the PRINCE and ATTENDANTS, followed
 by Flambeau.

FLAMBEAU.

Great Sir, I come to acquaint you that my
 spouse is no where to be found, tho' I have hunted
 for

for her through every hole and cranny, like a ferret after a rabbit.

PRINCE.

We must endeavour to find her for you.

Enter GENTOOBA.

GENTOOBA.

Hail, mighty Prince! before whom the universe bows!—I am come to acquaint you with a melancholy event—The wife of Flambeau—

FLAMBEAU.

What the devil's the matter with her now?

GENTOOBA.

Alas! poor woman, she expired this moment in my arms, and owned before she died, that she had swallowed poison to avoid the importunities of her hateful husband.

PRINCE.

Rash! unfortunate woman.

FLAMBEAU.

So much the worse for herself, by my faith, she's a pretty lady indeed; after trying all in my power to comfort her as a widow ought to be, madam dies in despair, and thinks that will vex me.

GENTOOBA.

So great a loss, and so sudden, confounds and distresses me.

PRINCE and GENTOOBA talk apart.)

FLAMBEAU.

FLAMBEAU.

Aye! but she happens to have been my rib, and it is very unfashionable and unnatural to grieve after one's wife. What a fool she was, how she stood in her own light! young as I am—with a fine shape, pleasing countenance, and all that—I have known thousands that would have envied her such an opportunity. Widows, wives, and maids in other countries have adored me with an *ogle*—with a *squeeze*—I have conquered—At the court and in the city, it has been equally the same, I have, *upon my modesty*, delighted every woman that knew her own mind.

PRINCE.

I am rejoiced to see you in such excellent spirits, and that you are so well able to sustain your recent loss.

FLAMBEAU.

Why, most gracious and royal Sir?

PRINCE.

Because you will have occasion for all your fortitude to follow her immediately.

FLAMBEAU.

Follow her! O thunder-an-age, is it follow a corpse, as chief mourner? I beg to be excused if it's the same thing to you, Sir, I don't like such *dead bargains*.

PRINCE.

Impossible! you are now in the high-road to immortal glory, and will appear amongst my forefathers, and all the renowned heroes of this Island.

Great Sir! by what manner of means?

GENTOoba.

Prepare yourself for the most agreeable surprise, that will make you dance for joy.

PRINCE.

Produce the great law book—

[Exit Messenger

FLAMBEAU.

Before it comes, tell me, Sir, does it order and ordain that I must take another wife immediately; faith and troth, I'am always ready and obedient to the law of necessity.

GENTOoba.

I'll tell you the consequence—

S O N G.

GENTOoba.

I.

Since death has destroy'd thy dear wife,
And stole her away from thine arms,
You've nothing of value in life
To equal her merit and charms.

II.

Then why should you languish and moan,
But hear what our statutes decree,
Which fate has to Hymen made known,
To yield consolation to thee.

E

PRINCE.

Enter Messenger with a great book.

PRINCE.

This record will explain; open and reveal the
Burning Chapter.

GENTOوبا, (reads.)

"In the book of matrimony the law has ordered and decreed, whenever the Great Spirit shall call a husband from his wife or a wife from her husband, that the survivor shall be consumed at the funeral pile with the deceased, and the ashes of both be collected and preserved in a sacred urn, and then deposited in the archives of the family, agreeable to our religious customs; but if any virgin——"

FLAMBEAU.

Aye! let me hear what you do with virgins.

PRINCE.

Stop, Gentooba, you've read enough—

FLAMBEAU.

Arrah, is it game you're making, sure it isn't his melancholy tale that's to make me dance for joy.

GENTOوبا.

Do you hear what this book says?

FLAMBEAU.

Then, by this book, I won't do it—(Kisses the book).

PRINCE.

You are a fortunate man to be destined for such happy fate! and thus burn with your wife.

FLAMBEAU.

LOVE IN A BLAZE!

3

51

FLAMBEAU.

The devil burn me if I do; a pretty story, indeed, for to sputter my life away like a roasting apple, or broil myself to death like a moth in a candle to please a wife as dead as a door-nail; no, no, a burn'd child dreads the fire, and may I be burnt as black as an old hat, if I stay one instant longer amongst a set that's only fit to head an inquisition.—(*Endeavouring to run off.*)

PRINCE.

Don't think to escape in this manner—Guards! follow the impious wretch, and bring him by force of arms to our presence—her servant do you say—but he shall smart for this infidelity, (*to Gentooba*).—(*Guards follow and lead back Flambeau.*)

FLAMBEAU.

I'll tell you what, gentlemen, if you are not in earnest, I beg you won't be playing such jokes upon me, for I don't like them.

PRINCE.

It is no imposition; will you go quietly, or must you be hung into the fire?

GENTOOPA.

Come, be a man, die without making a shrug or a wry face, for you must be made a faggot of whether you will or no.

FLAMBEAU.

O sweet Ireland for ever! how came I to leave you, and what the plague had I done, that fortune should condemn me to be married?

22

SONG.

SONG.

FLAMBEAU.

I.

*What a curse for a stranger to land here and
tarry,
He must pick up a rib, or they'll force him to
marry;*

*If at home your wife dies, you have this consolation,
You live and get plenty of fun and flirtation,
But here when grim death has your wife overtaken,
They roast you alive, for to keep you from raking.*

*Dear me, how I'll flounce,
Crack, fidget and bounce,
When I'm fry'd like an egg with a rasber of bacon.*

II.

*When plagued with two mischiefs, we choose the
least evil,*

*So now I don't wish my good dame at the devil,
For ayn't it much better to bear a wife's roasting,
Than like Cheshire cheese at a fire be toasting;
My fate of all husbands is sure the most cruel,
For I'd rather be hang'd than be burnt with my
jewel,*

*Dear me, how I'll flounce,
Crack, fidget and bounce,
When we flame like two nuts that make love in the
fuel.*

PRINCE.

What, man, in tears? for shame.

FLAMBEAU.

*O Sir, you might as well stop the river Shan-
in, or the waterfall, on a rainy day.*

PRINCE.

PRINCE.

Be yourself—consider the glory and honor you will acquire.

FLAMBEAU.

Why, what the devil have I to do with such honor and glory, to be tosst'd over the fire like a pancake on Shrove-Tuesday?

PRINCE.

What will my *ancestors* say to you when you meet them?

FLAMBEAU.

I don't care for your *aunts sisters*, nor your *uncles sisters* neither.

GENTOGBA.

Come throw yourself courageously into the fire, my flaming fellow.

FLAMBEAU.

I am not in spirits to be a flaming fellow, I've no vanity about me unless you could make a salamander of me; and pray consider, Sir, Madam Theresa was not my lawful bedded wife, then why should I pay the penalty without the crime—But I'll marry myself to any other woman you like in a *jiffy*, by way of punishment, for I think it better to marry than burn.

PRINCE.

But we think it better to burn than marry again, so prepare yourself, you must die and partake of her untimely fate—

FLAMBEAU.

What an unlucky dog I am, had I known this

would have been my lot, I would have left an heir
to my fortune at any rate.

PRINCE.

Do you wish to know the glorious ceremony
that is preparing for you?

FLAMBEAU.

No, I am not inclined to be the hearse of my
own funeral.

PRINCE.

But let me tell you the manner in which you
ought to behave on this solemn occasion; there
will be a grand procession, you will be dressed out
in garlands, and at the sound of musical instru-
ments, you will be led to the funeral pile.

FLAMBEAU.

Aye, catch me there if you can.

PRINCE.

Then you must not shed a tear—you will see
your wife placed at the top of the sacrifice, the
crowd will gather round with festive dance and
song.

FLAMBEAU.

This is a merry death, however, tho' I don't
like to pay the piper and die a dancing.

GENTOORA.

You'll be so transported——

FLAMBEAU.

Oh! I'll consent to be transported, and let it
be to Old Ireland, if you please—that I may there
join

join the brave and loyal Yeomanry, armed in defence of our *King and happy Constitution*—

GENTOOBA.

You quite misunderstand me I find—lighted torches will attend, and at a signal given the funeral pile will be set in flames amidst the acclamations of the people—But what are you thinking of?

FLAMBEAU.

I am thinking what a strange thing it is that this beautiful person of mine should become ashes to roast potatoes in.

PRINCE.

Come, we trifle time away, the priests have every thing ready—they are always prepared for it.

FLAMBEAU.

I dare say they are, and will have their *dues*, out of it, into the bargain.

PRINCE.

You will be consumed in a cedar fire.

FLAMBEAU.

'Tis little I value that honor, for since I can't die quietly in my bed, I don't care a fig, whether I am roasted by cedar or Kilkenny coal.

PRINCE.

What, when your better half is gone before you?

FLAMBEAU.

'Tis the weakness of my nature, Sir, but I think my better half remains behind, and I'll be bound

bound she has no pity or fellow-feeling for me ; but tell me, what good it will do me now to be burnt alive ; can you give me any reason for this hell-fire amusement ?

GENTOOBA.

We conceive we shall revive from our ashes, and by transmigration be changed into some bird or animal.

FLAMBEAU.

That's frolicksome enough—

GENTOOBA.

For instance *you* may become a cock or a parrot.

FLAMBEAU.

Arrah ! let it be a game cock then if you please, that I may strut about and make love to the hens ; or if I am to be a parrot have all the jabber to myself, like a beau in the boxes at the play-house.

GENTOOBA.

Or you may be metamorphosed into a monkey.

FLAMBEAU.

O in that case then, I'll be still a favourite with the ladies, and become their plaything, like my pretty rivals in the fashionable world.

GENTOOBA.

Or what think you of a *bull* ?

FLAMBEAU.

Arrah ! have you found me out ? or is it game you're making ? Don't you know I'd be quite at home in that *character*, as my dear country is famous for them ?

GENTOOBA.

Why you're a *dry* fellow !

FLAMBEAU.

Dry fellow, no faith you've put me in such a *prosperation*; I shall burn like a wet turf from the Bog of Allen.

PRINCE.

Well, with such a prospect before you, how can you demur ?

FLAMBEAU.

O Sir, have pity upon me—consider I am a stranger, and wish to die a natural death in my own country, where great men like me are too *cool* to burn for their wives, or fine ladies for their husbands.

PRINCE.

Pusillanimous and debased wretch, away with him ; Gentooba, take care that every thing is ready to attend my orders.

[*Exit PRINCE and part of the Retinue.*]

GENTOOBA.

Guards, conduct the victim, and let the dancers and music be prepared for the ceremony.

FLAMBEAU.

Arrah, by my soul then, I believe they're in earnest sure enough, a fine scrape to get into—I often heard a man burnt his fingers by wedlock, but I'm likely to have my whole carcase in a flame, and they expect I should leap out of my skin for joy.

FINALE.

FINALE.

CAPTAIN of } Away, away.
 the GUARDS. }
 GENTOOBA. He'd rather stay.
 GUARD. Cheer up, be gay.
 FLAMBEAU. O Mr. Judge, a longer day.
 CAPTAIN. Alack!
 GENTOOBA. Alas!
 GUARD. A Glass.
 FLAMBEAU. Some time to pray.
 CAPTAIN. Don't pout or grieve.
 ALL. Hab! hab! hab! I laugh in
 my sleeve.
 GUARD. Your pangs relieve.
 FLAMBEAU. } A short reprieve,
 } O Mr. Judge, a longer day.
 ALL. Away! Away.

[Exeunt.]

A C T III.

SCENE, a Luxuriant Shrubbery and Garden.

Enter MARY ANNE.

I pity my poor mistress, who has experienced
 such a variety of afflictions, and whose early pros-
 pects in life were a more flattering appearance.

S O N G.

As the sun with a glory flaming,
 Gilds the rosy-blushing morn,
 With unclouded radiance beaming,
 Early prospects to adorn,

See

*So the dawn of youthful pleasure,
With no gloomy thoughts o'ercast,
Then bids sweet hope its comfort treasure,
As for life decreed to last.
But the morn that shines most chearful
Oft becomes the saddest day.
Of lasting bliss then let's be fearful,
Be our prospects e'er so gay.*

Enter GENTOOBA.

Well, Mary Anne, the ceremony is to take place near the great Pagoda.

MARY ANNE.

Where have you left the Prince?

GENTOOBA.

Preparing to meet the High Priest, and attend the procession agreeable to the custom of the Island, and the order of March.

MARY ANNE.

And where is my mistress?

GENTOOBA.

I have disposed of her in a proper manner, and put her into safe hands until the ceremony commences.

MARY ANNE.

But is not this going rather too far with the joke?

GENTOOBA.

What do you mean?

MARY ANNE.

MARY ANNE.

The funeral pile—these splendid preparations—surely they are only meant to terrify the ungrateful Flambeau, and not to end seriously, or to injure my dear lady.

GENTOoba.

Nothing more, and to prove in the most public manner, that he is every way undeserving such a wife, who like pure gold, shall be tried but not injured by the fire.

MARY ANNE.

But I fear the Prince takes it in earnest, and when they light the pile, what is to become of my mistress, who is placed at the summit of it?

GENTOoba.

He is already acquainted with the stratagem; knowing his generous and humane disposition, I threw myself at his feet and implored his protection, for your distressed and injured mistress, and he graciously came into the deception.

MARY ANNE.

But if the flames—

GENTOoba.

Dont alarm yourself, I've fully prepared your mistress, at a proper signal, to save herself from danger.

MARY ANNE.

I don't comprehend you.

GENTOoba.

You'll know all immediately—we'll finge Mr. Flambeau's fine ornaments, and at any rate put

him in bodily fear of his life, then perhaps some kind, compassionate damsel may come to his relief.

MARY ANNE.

That may be, but we'll plague him first, for what you tell me has relieved my mind and put me in excellent spirits.

D U E T.

I.

MARY ANNE. *Thus we'll roast my saucy lad.*

GENTOOBA. *Yes, and put him in a fry.*

MARY ANNE. *O! he'll look so queer and sad,*

GENTOOBA. *Like a growling bear he'll sigh.*

Both. *O then we'll laugh—but then he'll cry,*

Both. *I'll dance and sing, and so will I.*

II.

GENTOOBA. *Our Compassion he'll beseech,*

MARY ANNE. *When he views the flaming torch,*

GENTOOBA. *Like a parrot how he'll screech,*

MARY ANNE. *When the flames his plumage scorch.*

Both. *Oh then we'll laugh—but then he'll cry,*

Both. *I'll dance and sing—and so will I.*

[Exeunt.

SCENE,

SCENE, *the Palace.*

The PRINCE and ATTENDANTS.

PRINCE.

The account Gentooba gives me, of Flambeau's perfidy to his mistress, creates my abhorrence—ingratitude and breach of confidence are not, I hear, punishable by the laws of Europe, tho' in the calendar of human crimes, none deserve a more public or severe chastisement. Desire Gentooba to attend to me, (*to his guards*).—I have therefore, agreed to allow the plan devised by Gentooba, to punish, at least frighten the culprit, and put his fortitude to the test; for he that would not protect and honourably serve a beautiful and deserving woman, is unworthy the happiness she is capable of bestowing.

Enter MESSENGER.

Great and mighty Prince—strangers just landed on the Island, who call themselves English, crave admittance to your presence.

PRINCE.

Bid them approach.

[Exit MESSENGER.]

Enter MERVILLE, GANGWAY, and SAILORS.

MERVILLE.

Great Sir, we are strangers without friends, or comfort, the sport of fortune and despair—We lately escaped from shipwreck, and were drove on a neighbouring Island, whose inhabitants gave us a friendly reception and treated us with humanity—the Chief of which has given us a conveyance to throw ourselves at your feet, and solicit your benevolent protection.

PRINCE.

Who'er you are—being in distress you have every claim to my countenance and hospitality—Whence came you?

MERVILLE.

Ah! most gracious Sir! my story is short, but must excite your sympathy and compassion. I sailed from England bound for Madras, when a sudden and violent tempest made us a wreck upon the ocean—Both my ship and cargo were lost upon your Island, and with it a treasure I valued above them all, the mistress of my heart, my wife!

S O N G.

MERVILLE.

I.

When the black tornado howling

Made the raging tempest hoarse,

And the mountain billows rolling

Drove us from our destined course,

Then the sails, the masts and rudder,

In one mighty wreck were torn,

With no means to right or soul her;

Midst the breakers' we were borne.

II.

Hark! the sounds of frantic screeching,

See dumb statues wrapt in grief,

O what looks, what sighs beseeching

Heaven and earth to grant relief.

Then o'erwhelm'd by waves and crashing,

See our vessel rent in twain,

And the crew 'midst lightnings flashing,

Plung'd to gorge the hungry main.

PRINCE.

What a picture of maritime distress!

MERVILLE.

It was my misfortune to escape, for I must call it so, unless I can hear some tidings of the woman I deplore and love.

PRINCE.

O this must be the husband of Theresa—
(*Aside.*)—Perhaps it may be in my power to give some intelligence of her.

JACK. (*Half aside.*)

Thus we fairly scud your honor, wind and tide in our favor.

MERVILLE.

Good heavens! is it possible! can I be so blest as once again to behold my Theresa. Ah! Sir compleat my happiness by telling me where she is to be found.

PRINCE.

Calm those transports, you shall hear every thing. His joy and impatience to behold his wife will defeat our plan for punishing his faithless servant; he must be deceived, tho' it hurts me to wound his noble feelings—(*Aside.*)—Were you to see Theresa at this moment, you would expire with grief.

JACK.

Now we're in shoal water again.

PRINCE.

Alas! I grieve to inform you she died this very day.

MERVILLE.

Died this very day. O my unhappy fate!

PRINCE.

I sympathize in your misfortunes and pity you from my heart—But I must reluctantly acquaint you, that we are this moment going to celebrate her obsequies with another husband at the funeral pile.

JACK.

Another husband! smite my timbers; so mistress you could not stick by the wreck, but you took a jolly boat to save yourself.—(*Aside*).

MERVILLE.

What do I hear—Theresa married again—O cruel and unfaithful woman, is it thus you repaid our mutual vows of eternal constancy and love?

PRINCE.

Wrong not her honorable and virtuous memory. I should tell you, as some consolation, that it was a husband on compulsion in conformity to the laws of this Island, and that nothing but the bridal ceremony passed between them.

JACK. (*Half aside*.)

There your honor, sound and steady, and with a heart true as the needle to the pole.

MERVILLE.

Then permit me, gracious Prince, to throw myself into the flames—It would be charity after suffering such a loss, to let me perish with her for whom I only existed.

JACK.

BOYE IN A BLAZE!

JACK.

Avast Captain; if you're for such a frolic, you shan't die alone; I've often stood fire for my King and country, and why not damm'e for my friend and Captain?

PRINCE.

Her new husband is not quite so heroic, and from what I can see, would very gladly resign all the pleasure and honor of this sacrifice to you alone.

MERVILLE.

O fortune, thou hast sported with my happiness, thus to ordain, that I should lose my Theresa the very moment that I had found her.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Royal Sir, I am dispatched to acquaint you that the procession is ready to move—The funeral pile, the music, and the dancers are all prepared, but the husband seems resolved not to partake of it.

MERVILLE.

I am overpower'd, this intelligence pervades my senses and almost deprives me of myself.—
(*Seems fainting, and leans on Gangway.*)

JACK.

My brave fellow, many's the time and oft that I've seen you in the day of battle without being thus chicken-hearted.

PRINCE.

I fear I have gone too far—(*Aside*).—Worthy man! his misfortunes prey upon his mind; bear

him from hence; he must not be a witness to this melancholy spectacle, his grief might interrupt the funeral rites.

[Exit PRINCE and ATTENDANTS.]

JACK.

Avast! avast! come my boys, let's take him in tow, many's the hard day we've buffeted in the waves of fortune; then clew him up, we'll carry him off the deck, and sink or swim together.

S O N G.

MERVILLE, (*breaks from the arms of Jack.*)

O come my wayward genius!

Thy vengeance on my fate,

Who sav'd my life from Neptune,

To share a harder fate.

Prefer'd by thee what cares I've known,

Thro' various climes and dangers thrown,

And here am doom'd new griefs to moan.

Spare my loved Theresa's charms,

From the swift consuming fire,

Or entomb'd within her arms,

I'll with her in flames expire.

[Exeunt.]

QUARTETTO.

SCENE

SCENE

A funeral pile—In the front a mausoleum or pagoda—Theresa is partly discovered seated at the top of the pile, entwined with garlands of flowers—The Prince, followed by the High Priest and Priestesses, Guards, Attendants, and a number of the Islanders, together with Gentooba, Mary Anne, and Elora, some with lighted torches in their hands, preceding Flambeau, who is dressed fantastically and decked with garlands; as the procession moves on, the music plays a slow march, when placed in order on the stage.

[They sing in Chorus.]

*Hail, all hail to this sacred fane!
Where death o'er beauty's charms must reign.*

*Chorus, High Priest, Gentooba, Priestess, and
Captain of Guards.*

*Come dance away ye lads and lasses,
Every care of life beguile,
See how gayly time here passes
All around this hallow'd pile.*

*Captain. S' death, ne'er fear, man—Adieu,
Mary Anne. Dear Sir, you'll burn so bright and
 charming to view,
Flambeau. May I be roasted if I do.*

QUARTETTO.

*High Priest. Your sighs the flame will raise,
Priestess. His tears will quench the fire,
Captain. O what glorious immortal praise.
Gentooba. He don't this fate admire.*

Captain.

Captain. { His valour fails him—Ah! poor
man,
He fain would live while he can.
Priestess. { Poor wretch, he's in a doleful case,
Thus to wear a crying face.
Captain. You shudder, cheer up, come advance.
Flambeau. If you like. All pipe and prance.
All. Yes, yes, yes, praying and dance.

MARY ANNE.

Poor hapless Flambeau, you're destroyed
By nuptial rites you ne'er enjoyed.
If for a fonder wife you'd live,
Love may perhaps that blessing give.
Come dance, &c.
Dancing at each repetition of the chorus.

ELORA.

Now to put his feelings to the test.—(Aside.)

PRINCE.

Come, Sir, do honor to the remains of your
deceased wife, and place yourself as near as pos-
sible to her—for shame, man!

FLAMBEAU.

It would be a burning shame if I did, for it
would be like asking her to give me a dead lift;
but I'll try what I can do, tho' I'm sure when the
fire touches me I shall pop off like a sky rocket.—
(Makes an attempt to run at the pile, stops short and
runs back again.)

HIGH PRIEST.

How, Sir! disgrace our religious rites and
sacred customs, by such folly and impiety.

FLAMBEAU.

FLAMBEAU.

As bold and religious as you are, Mr. Priest, I'll lay you any wager you don't do it yourself without fear and trembling, and I'll give you a hop, step, and a jump, into the bargain!

ELORA.

I should be laughed at if I was to declare myself as yet—*(Aside.)*

MERVILLE *rushing in, followed by* JACK GANGWAY *and* OTHERS.

Hold me no longer, I'll burst through chains of adamant to see her, and become a burnt offering at the shrine of love and beauty; her second husband shall not have all this melancholy pleasure to himself.

FLAMBEAU. *(Not seeing his master.)*

For my part I am not very proud of undertaking it, and whoever you are, honey, it shall be all at your service if you are so fond of it, as I am in love with another. *(looking fly at Elora.)*

MERVILLE.

What do I behold! Heavens, do my eyes deceive me, or is it my servant Flambeau, that I see in this trim!—You rascal, I perceive it is you that have robbed me of my bridal joys.

FLAMBEAU.

Thunder-an-age, my good and honored master, I return St. Patrick thanks for your *safety*, you re just come in the nick to warm yourself with my mistress; it is the fashion of the country, and she looks for all the world like an angel in a shroud.
Gentlemen

Gentlemen, here is the real husband of the lady, and I'll give him his deceased wife and these fine cloaths into the bargain.

PRINCE.

By no means, you are the only husband that is known to us. — (*Talks apart to Mirville*).

FLAMBEAU.

Then I must pay for the roast after all, though I only became her spouse out of fair joke, but I find you've a mind to make it a damn'd black joke to me.

HIGH PRIEST.

What trifling is this? no more delay but ascend the pile.

FLAMBEAU.

Patience, Gentlemen, a little respite, if you please, they'd give me more at the drop of the leaf at home; can't you hand me a sup of the native, or a stomager of gin to keep me in spirits.

GENTOOBA.

We can give you some, rack!

FLAMBEAU.

O blood-and-thunder, don't put me to the rack.

JACK GANGWAY.

For shame, messmate, this is not the way I've seen Irishmen die abroad; it would have roused your courage to have beheld them as I have done.

FLAMBEAU.

FLAMBEAU.
Aye! But that must be in the field of battle or
sea, fighting for our country's honor and glory,
and not to be roasting alive like a Wexford
oyster.

PRINCE, (advancing.)
Seize the infidel, and cast him struggling on
the pile.

FLAMBEAU.
That's out of the fryingpan into the fire—O
dear master, sure you won't let these savage
Hannibals make a devil of me as a relish for
the company.

ELORA.
No, for here I come prepared as our law allows,
to save his life, and offer myself as a bride if he
wishes to accept me.

FLAMBEAU.
Accept you? will a drowning man catch at a
straw?—But if a rose bush saves him, won't he
grasp at it, and kiss it for joy?—(Kisses Elora.)

MERVILLE, (kneeling before the bier.)
O divine and much regretted woman, thus to
be reduced to ashes—let me mingle mine with
yours.

SONG.

SONG.

MERVILLE.

Fair, beloved, lamented shade,
 O this plaintive tribute take,
 Here my latest vows are paid,
 See I perish for thy sake.
 To survive thy loss is pain,
 I'll thy image then pursue,
 As I'd search the world in vain,
 For those merits priz'd in you.

THERESA, (*rising in a graceful attitude on the pile, and MERVILLE in an attitude of surprize and rapture.*)

DUET.
 MERVILLE.
 and
 THERESA.

{ O thou dear and faithful lover,
 Like myself still fond and true,
 Now thus blest let me discover,
 That I only live for you.
 Like a Phœnix from her ashes,
 I enraptured rise once more,
 From the flaming brand that flashes,
 Fly to him I still adore.
 Peace allays my soul's commotion,
 Soothes its troubles and alarms,
 Saves my consort from the ocean,
 To find shelter in my arms.

MERVILLE catches her in his arms, as she leaps from the pile.

FLAMBEAU.

Fortune be praised, the poison has found its nannygoat, and I may now sing and dance for joy.

THERESA. (*Having descended from the pile.*)
 —Pardon, most gracious Prince, the love which prompted this innocent deceit, to preserve me

G

entirely

entirely for my real husband Merville. I have offended against your laws and customs, but I hope the motive, and my being a stranger, will plead my pardon, and justify the deception.

HIGH PRIEST.

What an affront to our sacred mysteries! and those who occasioned it should meet with the punishment they deserve.

PRINCE.

No—I was entrusted with the secret, and their fidelity and virtue have secured my confidence and protection. Thus then let me restore you to each other; your constancy and love have equally been tried, and you both merit to be happy. As to this last marriage, the real husband having returned, and the second proving so unworthy, I *revoke it*.

FLAMBEAU.

Aye do, Sir! *provoke* the marriage.

MERVILLE.

Sir, in restoring me my Theresa, you bestow new life and perfect felicity.

FLAMBEAU.

What a strange confession for a husband now-a-days; a man in love with his own wife!

PRINCE.

Silence, audacious wretch.—You may both stay on this Island till it suits your convenience, and when a favourable opportunity offers, you shall have my leave to return to your native country, crowned with all the favors this Island can bestow.

THERESA.

Generous and munificent Prince! let our gratitude speak the feelings of our hearts.

PRINCE.

It is unnecessary, as by thus pleasing myself, I emulate, as I am told, the beneficent example of your nation, which now shelters and befriends the sons of exile and misfortune.

MERVILLE.

Words can't express the raptures I enjoy.

PRINCE.

As to you, Sir——

FLAMBEAU.

O now comes my sentence—but no more roasting I beseech you.

PRINCE.

Who betrayed your master in his absence, and instead of protecting your mistress to——

MERVILLE.

What induced you to behave so ungenerously, and so unlike our countryman?

FLAMBEAU.

O please your honor, it was all your own fault, by taking our last prize, and leaving me so long in company with the wicked Canaries we took prisoners in our last prize.

MERVILLE.

How do you mean?

G 2

FLAMBEAU.

FLAMBEAU.

Why Sir, they put such notions of quality and no quality into my head, I was made to believe I was a greater man than you, my mistress, and myself put together, and that I might kick the world before me, like a football, and after I was dead, I was to sleep all the days of my life.

MERVILLE.

What ridiculous nonsense——

FLAMBEAU.

But Sir, if you'll forgive what is passed, I'll never mind any more of their humbugs again, but live a good and faithful Irishman, and your faithful humble servant, as I ought to be.

MERVILLE.

As providence has restored my Theresa, I am persuaded she will unite with me in imploring your most gracious pardon for this fellow's impudence and folly, particularly as he has promised reformation.

FLAMBEAU.

And sure, Sir, you will make some allowance for the fright you put me into. I dare say it will make me as grey as a badger, unless this pretty *little yellow-hammer* gives the comfort she promised me.

ELORA.

I already declared my intentions before all this company.

PRINCE.

Well, at your master's intercession I pardon you—and the only punishment I now decree is, that you shall this very night be married to each other.

FLAMBEAU.

With all my heart and soul, I'm ready in a crack, but I hope, Sir, it will be made a condition, that if my rib dies before me, I am not to be broiled like a griffin, or fried like a sausage, to quiet her ghost.

MERVILLE.

Be silent, you may consider yourself very fortunate to have escaped so easily—after what you deserved.

HIGH PRIEST.

Yes, we've had too much of this nonsense and sacrilegious buffoonery already.

FLAMBEAU.

Well, Sir, as you wish to rule the roast here, pray desire some of your *assistant cooks* to dress me up in a plain English manner, for I don't like your damned Indian cookery.

PRINCE.

Come let's conclude the evening with sportive dance and song, and may all those who have honored us with their presence on this occasion, participate in our joy, and approve of this novel entertainment.

FINALE.

LOVE IN A BLAZE!

FINALE.

FLAMBEAU.

*Since I find you're all so droll,
Let good humour takes its sting,
Like a cracker on a coal,
You shall find me skip and sing.*

CHORUS.

*Then with dance and choral sound,
We'll the cares of life remove,
And with Hymen's chaplet crown'd,
Let's enjoy the blaze of love.*

GENTOORA.

*You good friends who think us wrong,
Thus ourselves alive to burn,
You'll your nuptial bliss prolong,
If you love for love return.*

MARY ANNE.

*All I ask, my Indian spouse,
Is that I should die the first,
You know best your country's vows,
For my own I fear to trust.*

CHORUS.

*Then with dance and choral sound,
We'll the cares of life remove,
And with Hymen's chaplet crown'd,
Let's enjoy the blaze of love.*

MERVILLE.

*I'll ever prove loving and faithful,
Your truth and esteem to secure,
And when you e'er find me deceitful,
May I your displeasure endure.*

THERESA.

*Should I be decreed to outlive thee,
Thy loss soon would hasten my doom,
My life like my love I'd soon give thee,
And yield my fond heart at thy tomb.*

CHORUS.

*Then with dance and choral sound,
We'll the cares of life remove,
And with Hymen's chaplet crown'd,
Let's enjoy the blaze of love.*

JACK GANGWAY.

*Let me back to England go,
Get myself new rigg'd and tight,
Take my sweet heart once in tow,
Then my country's foes I'll fight.*

ALL.

*Make our happiness compleat,
You who come this scene to grace,
Give your plaudits to this fete,
And the critic's spleen you'll chase.*

CHORUS.

*Then with dance and choral sound,
We'll the cares of life remove,
And with Hymen's chaplet crown'd,
Let's enjoy the blaze of love.*

FINIS.

*The following Productions of the Author of
Love in a Blaze, are printed by W.
PORTER:*

**THE MUTUAL DECEPTION; OR, TIT FOR
TAT; a Comedy.**

**THE MATCH FOR A WIDOW; a Comic
Opera, in three Acts.**

NECK OR NOTHING; a Farce.

KILLARNEY, a Poem.